

MARVEL

#3

I AM GROOT™



HASTINGS
FLAVIANO
MENYZ

M
7781

A BODY AS STRONG AS A REDWOOD, LIMBS THAT EXTEND LIKE VINES, AND WITH THE ABILITY TO REGROW FROM A SPLINTER . . . GROOT WAS THE BIGGEST AND STRONGEST MEMBER OF THE GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY. BUT NOW, HE'S STUCK AT THE SIZE OF A SAPLING. THE GALAXY CAN BE A DANGEROUS PLACE FOR A LITTLE TREE WHO DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING BUT . . .



I AM GROOT

in
"THE FORGOTTEN DOOR"
part 3

AN ACCIDENTAL TRIP THROUGH A SPACE-TIME STORM SEPARATED GROOT FROM THE REST OF THE GUARDIANS AND LEFT HIM STRANDED ON A STRANGE PLANET CALLED TERMINAL. ONCE HE MADE IT PAST THE SENTINEL HOLOGRAM WARNING VISITORS AWAY, GROOT MADE SEVERAL FRIENDS, INCLUDING PUG-HEADED BUDDY, THREE-HEADED DIPLATESSA, AND ONE-HEADED DHAMBUS, AS HE'S ESCAPED FROM PERSISTENT SHAPE-SHIFTING ROBOTS, AVOIDED COIN-HUNGRY SLUGS IN AN ANCIENT SUBWAY STATION, AND ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF THE MYSTERIOUS ADMINISTRATOR. WITH THE HELP OF HIS NEWFOUND FRIENDS, GROOT IS ONE STEP CLOSER TO FINDING HIS WAY BACK HOME. THE ONLY QUESTION IS: WHY IS THE ADMINISTRATOR DETERMINED TO STOP HIM?

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Groot created by Stan Lee, Larry Lieber & Jack Kirby

RRRMMMMBLEERMMMBLE

CHUT CHUT
CHUT...

CHUT
CHUT...

**HONK
HOOONNNKKK**



CHUT.

HOOOONNNNNNNKKK



THWACK!

CH-GACKT!



I AM
GROOT!



THANKS, GROOT. DIDN'T NEED WHATEVER THAT WAS SPLATTERED ON THE WINDSHIELD.

I AM GROOT!

DHAMSUS, CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS WHOLE TIME WE THOUGHT THE TRAIN STATION UNDER THE FARM WAS A WEIRD OLD TEMPLE?

BECAUSE OF THE CREATURES THAT DEMANDED CHANGE FOR THE VENDING MACHINES?

WEIRD LOGICAL LEAP TO TEMPLE OFF THAT...

AH-AH!

LISTEN, IT'S MY FIRST TIME OFF THE FARM.

SO, DIPLATESSA, ARE YOU, LIKE, THREE PEOPLE, OR WHAT?

EXCUSE ME?

YOU THINK WE'RE WEIRD? YOU'RE A DOG'S HEAD.

YEAH, THAT'S TRUE!

WE ARE ONE PERSON. I GOT CAUGHT IN A STORM.

A STORM MADE YOU THIS WAY?

YES.

I AM GROOT?

A STORM IS RAW, CHAOTIC, PURE SPACE-TIME FORCE. IT BROUGHT YOU HERE FROM FAR AWAY, MAYBE NOT JUST THE DISTANCE, BUT TIME AS WELL.

BUT ME? ITS MARK HAS CLAIMED ME FOR THIS WORLD. I LOOK FORWARD AND SEE ONLY DECAY. I LOOK BACKWARD AND KNOW ONLY WASTED POTENTIAL.

GUB.

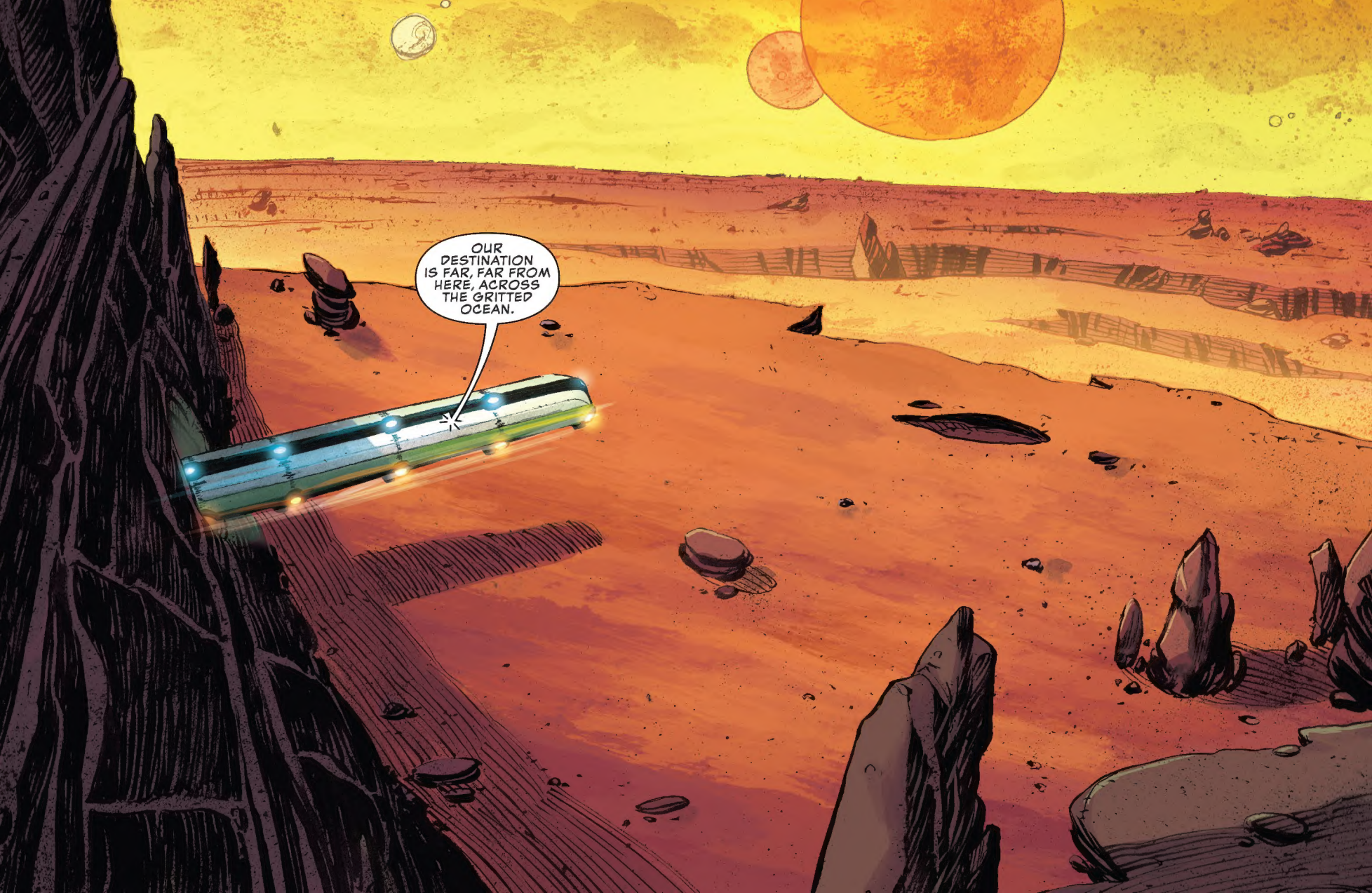
WHICH IS WHY IT WILL BE SO NICE TO HELP SOMEONE GET THE HELL OFF THIS DUMP.

I AM GROOT!

NO...NOT IN THE CAVES.

GROOT, CAN I COME WITH YOU ON A SPACESHIP? IS IT HIDDEN IN THE CAVES?

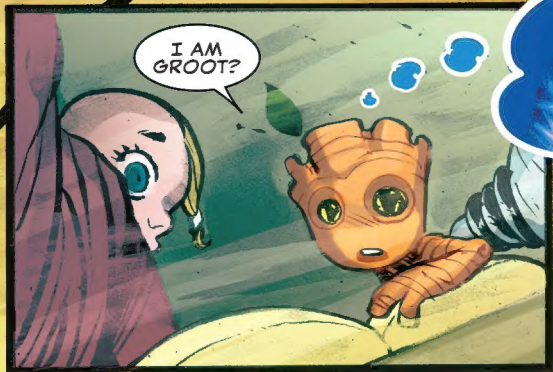
SO WHAT, WE'RE GOING TO A SPACESHIP? I WOULDN'T MIND THAT! RIDIN' IN A SPACESHIP? YEAH, WHY NOT? RIDIN' IN A TRAIN IS FUN!



OUR
DESTINATION
IS FAR, FAR FROM
HERE, ACROSS
THE GRITTED
OCEAN.



IT'S ENORMOUS. I HAD HEARD OF THE ENDLESS DESERT, THE TERMINAL EYE, BUT...

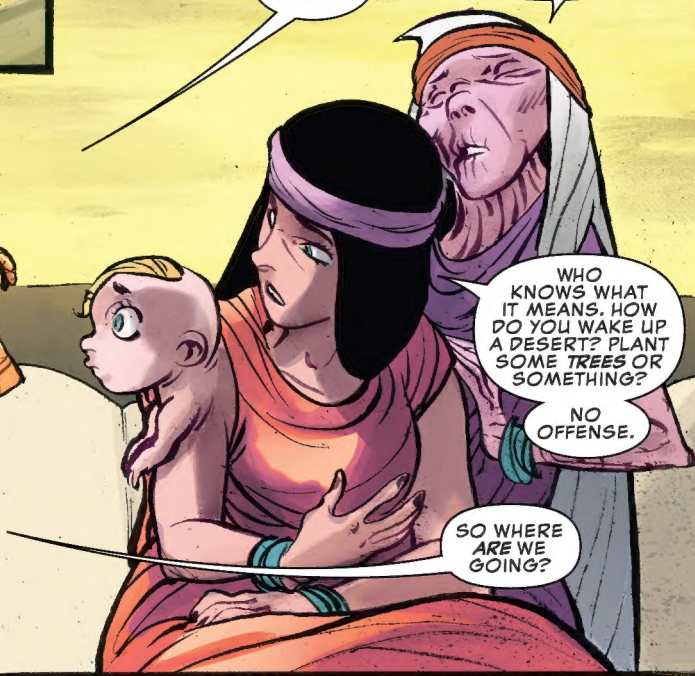
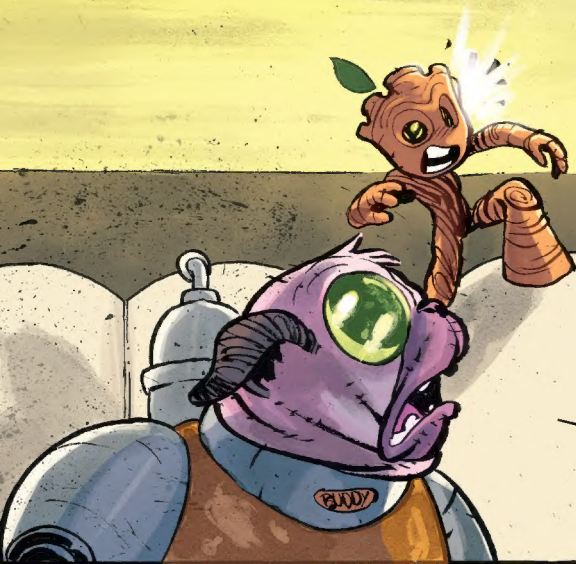


I AM GROOT?

AWAKEN THE TERMINAL EYE. IT MUST LOOK ON THE UNSEEN AGAIN.

I AM GROOT!

YES, THE SENTINEL SAYS THAT ANY TIME THERE IS A DISTURBANCE IN OUR LOCAL SPACE.



WHO KNOWS WHAT IT MEANS. HOW DO YOU WAKE UP A DESERT? PLANT SOME TREES OR SOMETHING?

NO OFFENSE.

SO WHERE ARE WE GOING?



BLINK. THE CITY. TO MEET THE CARETAKER IN HIS PALACE OF DOORS.

OH, BELOVED CARETAKER! WE
BEG YOU TO CONTINUE
TO TAKE CARE! HEAR US
IN YOUR PALACE, AND
PROTECT US FROM
THE HIDDEN ONE
WE FEAR!

CHILD OF
RUI! SEED OF
SLAUGHTER! HE
MUST NOT FIND
THE DOOR OF
DOORS!

LET
YOUR MAZE
CONFOUND HIM!
MAY HE LEAVE
OUR WORLD
TO TURN!



OH, BELOVED CARETA--

HELLO!
HI!

I'M SURE
OUR MUTUALLY
BELOVED CARETAKER
CANNOT HEAR YOU
FROM SO DEEP IN HIS
PALACE THROUGH
HIS MANY
DOORS!

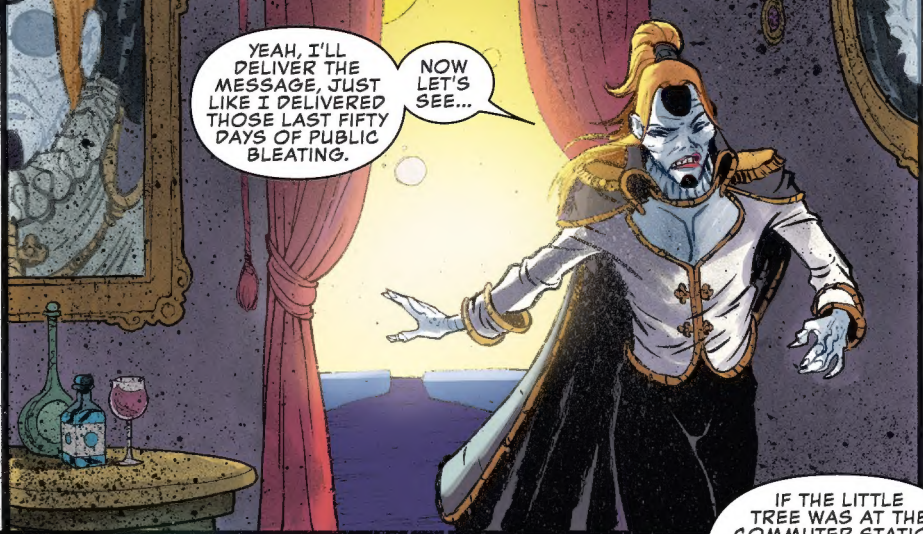
BUT I
WOULD BE
HAPPY TO PASS
YOUR MESSAGE
ALONG WHEN I
SEE HIM LATER
TODAY.



THANK YOU,
ADMINISTRATOR!
SO KIND OF
YOU.

MMMHMMMM.
SO YOU CAN
GO HOME
NOW?
GREAT.

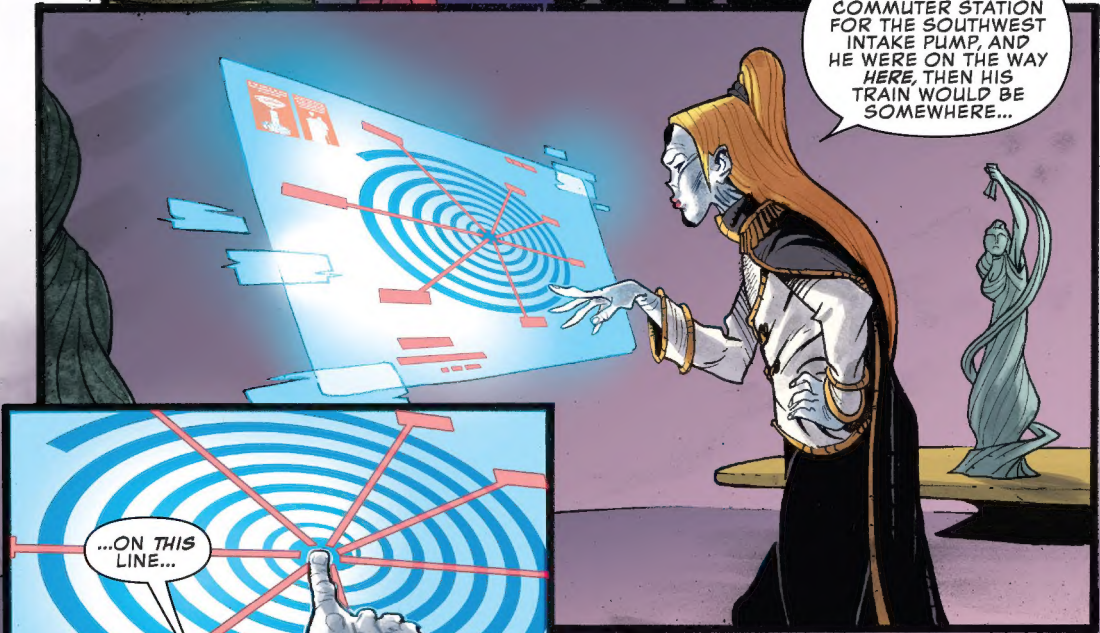




YEAH, I'LL
DELIVER THE
MESSAGE, JUST
LIKE I DELIVERED
THOSE LAST FIFTY
DAYS OF PUBLIC
BLEATING.

NOW
LET'S
SEE...

IF THE LITTLE
TREE WAS AT THE
COMMUTER STATION
FOR THE SOUTHWEST
INTAKE PUMP, AND
HE WERE ON THE WAY
HERE, THEN HIS
TRAIN WOULD BE
SOMEWHERE...

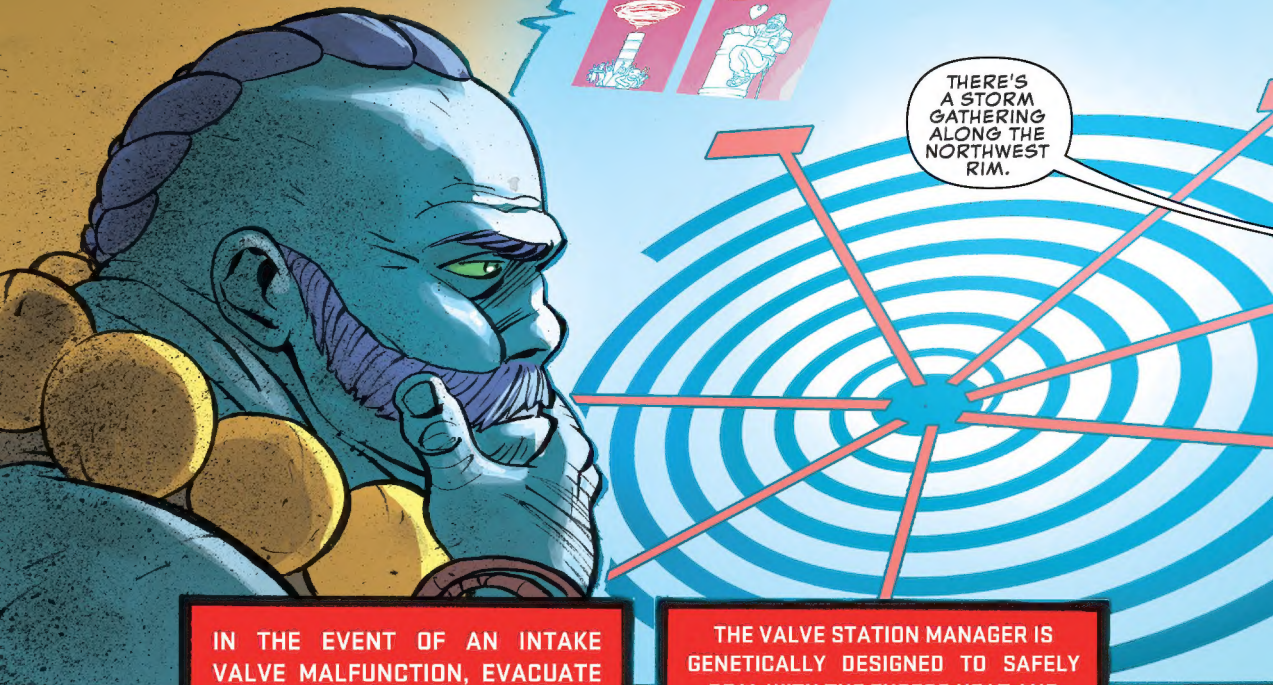


...ON THIS
LINE...

GET ME AN
ADMINISTRATOR
OVERRIDE ON LINE
ANNOUNCEMENTS, AND
PREPARE TO REMOVE
ALL NODES FROM NON-
CRUCIAL TASKS
ACROSS TERMINAL.

COMMAND
ACKNOWLEDGED
ADMINISTRATOR.





THERE'S A STORM GATHERING ALONG THE NORTHWEST RIM.

IN THE EVENT OF AN INTAKE VALVE MALFUNCTION, EVACUATE IN A CALM FASHION


THE VALVE STATION MANAGER IS GENETICALLY DESIGNED TO SAFELY DEAL WITH THE EXCESS HEAT AND ERRATIC ENERGIES THAT CAN BE A HAZARD IN SUCH AN INCIDENT

GRANDPA USED TO WEAR A HARD HAT LIKE THAT...

BUT THIS ROUTE TAKES US DIRECTLY ACROSS THE CENTER. WE HAVE NO REASON TO GET ANYWHERE CLOSE TO IT.

SO HOW'S THE CARETAKER GOING TO HELP GROOT?

OH, DON'T YOU KNOW ABOUT WHAT HE CARES FOR?

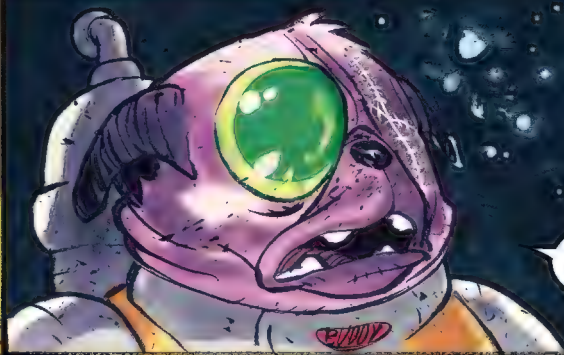


DEEP IN HIS
PALACE, THERE
IS A DOOR. ON ONE
SIDE IS HERE, BUT ON
THE OTHER SIDE...
THE WHOLE OTHER
GALAXIES.

GROOT
CAN SIMPLY TELL
THE CARETAKER
WHERE HE NEEDS
TO GO, AND HE'LL
JUST *POP*...

PUT
HIM ON HIS
WAY THROUGH
THAT SPECIAL
DOOR.

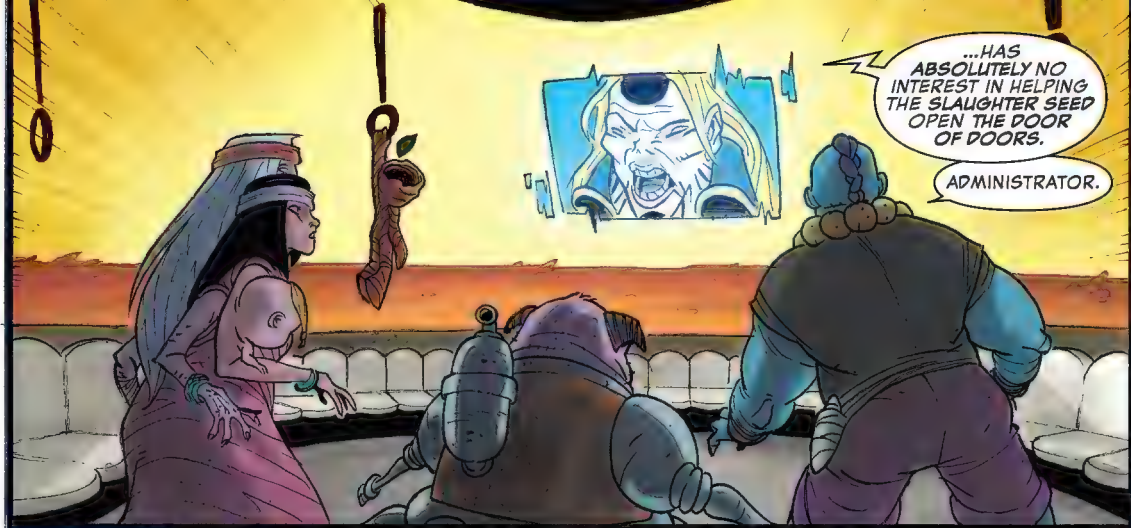
I AM
GROOT!



THE...
DOOR OF
DOORS.

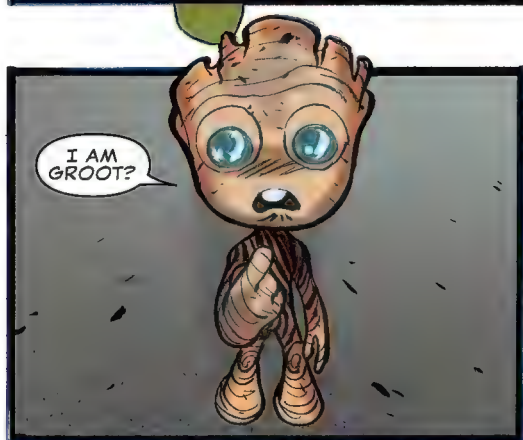
MMMMMM!
SOME CALL
IT THAT!

AND I
ASSURE YOU
THAT THE
CARETAKER...



...HAS
ABSOLUTELY NO
INTEREST IN HELPING
THE SLAUGHTER SEED
OPEN THE DOOR
OF DOORS.

ADMINISTRATOR.



I AM
GROOT?



...
YES. I'M
TALKING
ABOUT
YOU.



CHILD OF
DESTRUCTION,
YOU HAVE COME
IN MANY GUISES
TO OPEN THE DOOR.
WE ARE BESET BY
YOUR ATTEMPTS
TO RUIN US WITH
ITS TERRIBLE
POWER.

OH, STOP WITH THE
DOOR THING, LIKE IT'S
SOME SORT OF
PROPHECY.

IT'S JUST
SOME OTHER
PIECE OF RUN-
DOWN CRAP, LIKE
EVERYTHING
ELSE OUT
HERE.

I AM
GROOT?

RUNDOWN,
YES. IT SHOULD
STILL WORK, THOUGH.
CARETAKER WILL
KNOW.



PROPHECY
OR NOT, THE
SECRETS OF THIS
WORLD INVITE MANY
INTERPRETATIONS,
BUT THE END IS
ALWAYS THE
SAME...

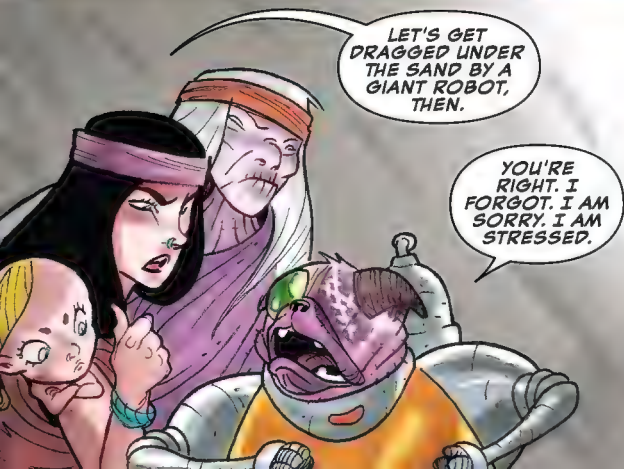
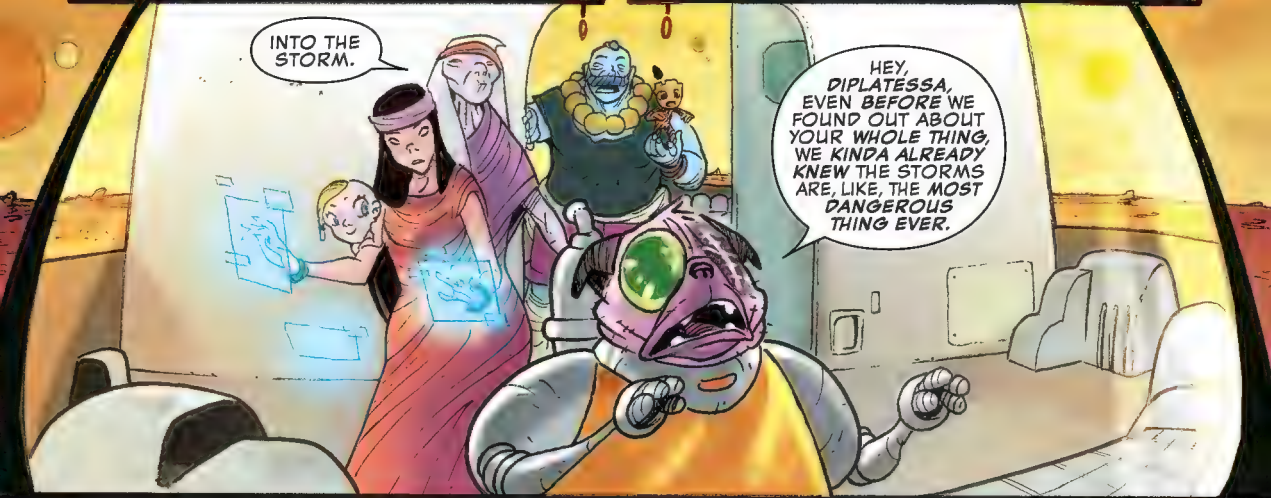
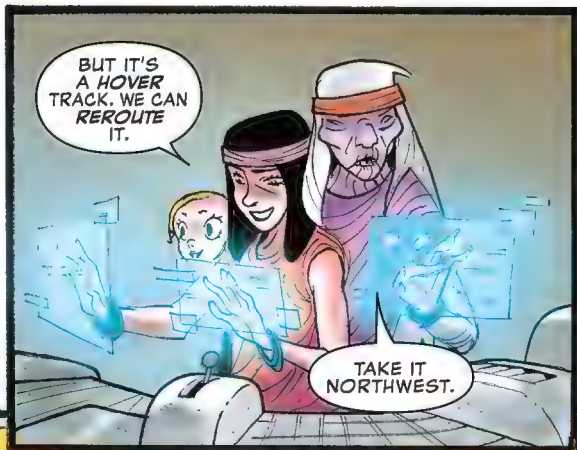
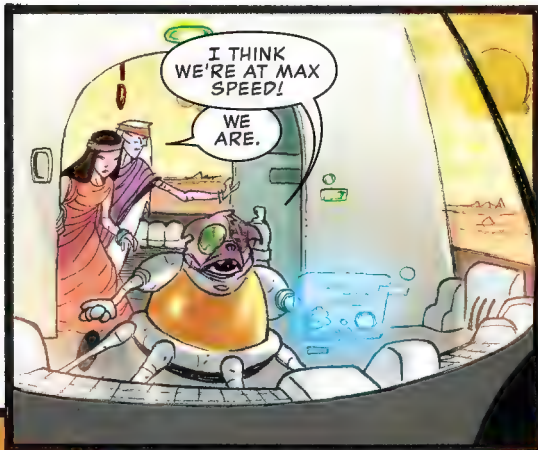
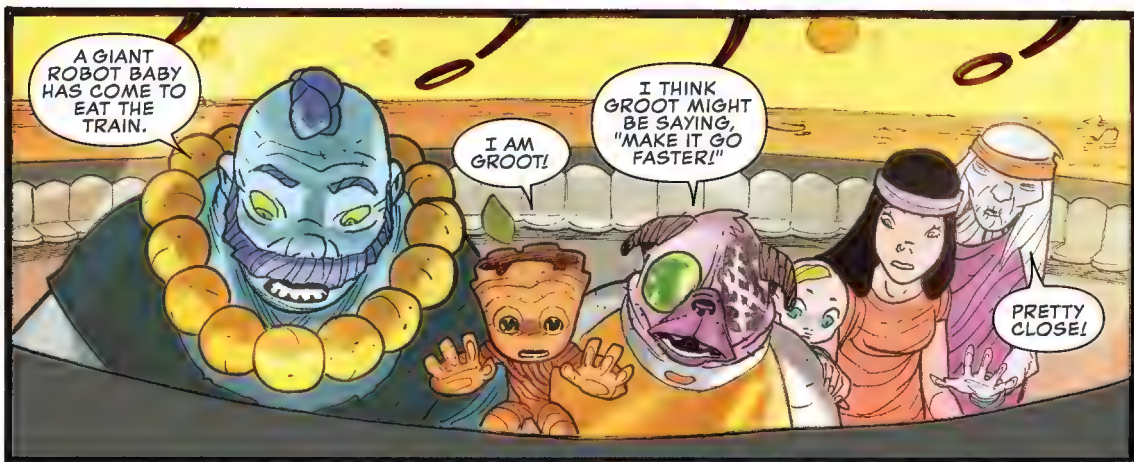
"SLAUGHTER. DESTRUCTION.
PAIN. THERE IS SOMETHING
TERRIBLE ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THAT DOOR."

"IT WANTS THE DOOR
OPEN, AND IT CALLS...
TO YOU, GROOT."



"THEY'LL BE HARD
TO MISS. THEY'VE
TURNED INTO
ONE BIG ONE."







RAMMBULLLE



BABABOOOOM!



HUHHHHNNNN...

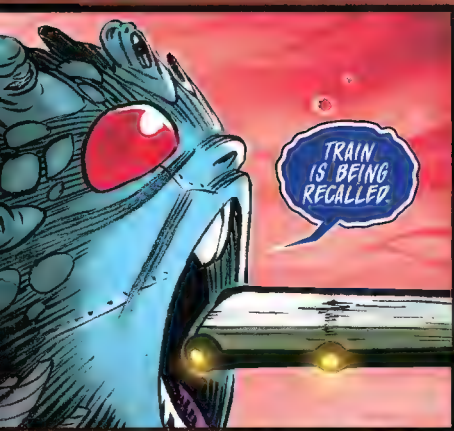
YOU
DOING ALL
RIGHT UP
THERE?

NOT A
SCRATCH!

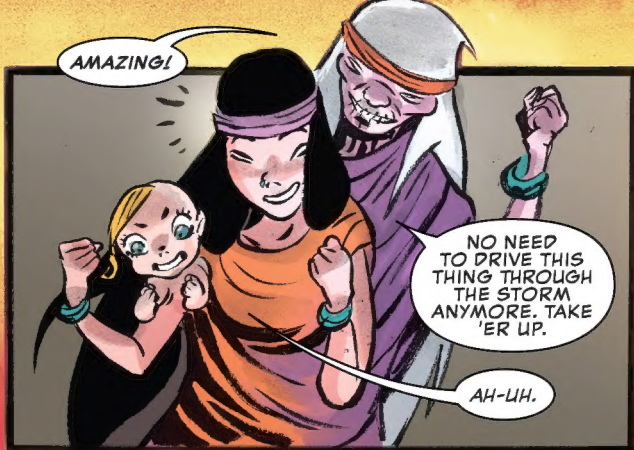
I AM
GROOT...

B-BOOM!

E-E-E-ERRROR







AMAZING!

NO NEED
TO DRIVE THIS
THING THROUGH
THE STORM
ANYMORE. TAKE
'ER UP.

AH-UH.

HAHA!
SERIOUSLY,
I'M HAVING A
GREAT TIME TAKING
A BREAK FROM
FARMING.

DON'T
TELL THE
KIDS.



I AM
GROO--

THE CHILD
OF RUIN COMES
IN MANY GUISES
TO OPEN THE
DOOR.

OF
COURSE
YOU WOULD
COME AS A
FRIEND.

I AM
GROOT?





LEAVE OUR
WORLD TO
TURN.

I AM
GROOOOT!



I AM--
≡≡



OH, NO!
COME
QUICK!

GROOT
FELL OUT!

TO BE
CONTINUED...

NEXT:

I AM GROOT #4



SEND YOUR LETTERS TO GALACTIC@MARVEL.COM.
MARK YOUR LETTERS "OKAY TO PRINT."



AN  ROBOROS
RELEASE - DCP